



CHURCH OF ST. FINBAR.

bells were finished and hung in the tower, and every day the bell-maker enjoyed their wondrous sweet music. But after a time came conquest and spoliation. The sweet chime of bells was borne away by the victors, and the bell-maker was almost heart-broken. At last he resolved that he must find them, and set out on his search, going from country to country and city to city in his long and fruitless search. At last, grown old and weary, he had arrived at Cork one golden summer evening, where he had heard there was a sweet chime of bells. He paid a boatman to row him out on the river Lee, hoping against hope that the search of years was at last to be rewarded. As the sun was slowly setting, and the brooding quiet of a summer evening descending upon the beautiful valley, the chimes of Shandon Church began to play. Even the boatman suspended his stroke not to miss a note of their wondrous music. After the chimes had ceased he looked at his solitary passenger who had apparently fallen asleep with an expression of happiness and rest upon his face. The bell-maker had fallen asleep to the sweet music of his own loved bells. He was dead.

Historic Places.

A short distance from Cork in the old burial ground of the ruined church of Clonmel the ashes of Tobin, author of "The Honeymoon," and of Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of the Burial of Sir John Moore, lyric that almost rivals Gray's funeral elegy in its pathos, and also in pop-

when on the wing. The twists and turns necessary to follow the active little fish are made wholly by the strokes of one wing and the cessation of movement in the other; and the fish are chased, caught, and swallowed without the slightest relaxation of speed, in a submarine flight which is quite as rapid as that of most birds which take their prey in midair.

Feathers Plucked by the Wind.

The man with the wisp-broom goatee crossed his legs and remarked:

"I never seed such wind as we had in the State of Kansas last summer."

"Blow your barn away?" asked the landlord, sympathetically.

"Not much. Barn blowed into the next county last April."

"House, mebbe?"

"Lost the house 'long in June. Kited over east about three miles, and lit in Cherry Creek. Didn't mind that so much," he continued, "got 'em back and anchored 'em again all right, but along about July 1 we got to havin' real breezy weather."

The landlord said nothing, and the group around the hotel stove prudently followed his example.

"The 9th day of last July," continued the stranger, after a reflective pause, "there come up the doggondest wind I ever see in the State of Kansas. When it began to blow my bantam rooster was just flapping his wings to crow."

"Did it blow the crow out of him?" inquired the stableman focosely.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the wisp-broom goatee impressively, not heeding the interruption, "before that bird had done crowing every livin' feather on his body was blowed clean off."

"Leave the pinfeathers?" asked the landlord, skeptically.

"Yes, sir. Left the pinfeathers, and in three minutes along came a streak of Kansas lightning and singed that rooster clean."

There was an awkward pause in the group around the stove. The stableman looked around the stovepipe elbow to get a view of the stranger, says the Detroit Free Press.

Owes It to Others Literally.

"Bilken modestly declares he owes the immense fortune he has accumulated all to others."

"Yes, the money was made chiefly by Bilken's failures in business."—Buffalo Courier.

force of arms.—Cassier's Magazine.

Interesting to Collectors.

Nowadays there are collectors of everything collectable, from a postage stamp to a beetle, but the list is not yet exhausted. In Paris they are collecting posters—the large sheets posted on walls for advertising purposes. The French posters are some of them genuine works of art. The drawing of the cuts used in their illustration is very bold, and the colors are handled well, although sometimes in a very startling manner. Usually the size of the poster is large, but there is very seldom any attempt made to show a complicated design. A broad sketchy effect and a dazzling display of color are their chief points. Some of the best artists in France design for the lithographer. There are places in Paris where posters are bought and sold, and the best examples cost from 60 cents up. Posters without any lettering are those thought most desirable for collectors, and cost about ten times as much as the others. Rare examples frequently command fancy prices. Much of the work is admirable, and the artist is not ashamed to affix his signature to it. No better example of the extreme to which this art has been carried could be found than the Poster Exhibition, which has been held at Brussels. A special building was given up to it, and people paid their admission fee, wandering about through the different examples critically, just as we would at an art exhibition.

The Cannon of Crimean Days.

The cannon of Crimean Days were mounted on wooden carriages of the crudest construction; the recoil was not controlled, but merely limited by a stout breeching-rope. Elevation and training were given by moving the gun and carriage by common wooden handspikes, and the gun was run out, after being loaded, by side tackles. Every operation was performed by the simple and direct application of manual labor, and the number of men told off to work a thirty-two pounder gun of not more than three tons weight was fourteen, and they all had hard work to perform. With the modern gun of more than double the weight just half the number of men are required. The captain, or number one, aims and fires, and, unassisted, elevates and trains the gun with the greatest ease and accuracy up to the moment of firing; the gun runs out automatically after

date while he is supposed to defend himself in the other world against evil spirits and to shoot reindeer. After completing his death toilet the candidate takes his place in a corner of his house or hut. About him gather his relatives, who offer him the choice of three instruments of death, a knife, a spear, and a rope. If he chooses a knife, two friends hold his arms, while a third plunges the blade into his breast. Practically the same thing is done if he decides to die by the spear. When he prefers the rope, two of those present place it about his neck and strangle him to death. A cut is then made in the breast to let the blood flow out. All those present sprinkle their faces and hands with the blood, believing that it will preserve them from evil, and bring them fortune. The body, after this ceremony, is placed on a sled, which is drawn by a reindeer, to the "cremation hill," near the village. The neck of the animal is cut at once upon arrival at the place. The body is stripped of clothing, which is then cut in small pieces, and placed on the altar with the dead man or woman. During the cremation the mourners utter prayers to the spirits, begging them to watch over those mortals still left on earth. This custom has been followed by the sect for centuries.

Work Their Way.

Some of the forty or fifty State agricultural colleges make special provision for students wishing to work their way through college. Such students work daily on the experimental college farm and receive current wages. There are many free scholarships in these colleges, and board and lodging are cheap, so that a working student finds that his labor goes far toward paying his way. Tutoring pays better, however, and very clever men sometimes earn from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per year in helping through their duller fellows. Such opportunities, however, are found only in the great colleges, and are few. At one of these institutions one successful young lawyer, of New York City, is said to have earned \$2,000 in a single year tutoring while yet an undergraduate.

Poor Business Instinct.

Irate Landlady—I want you to take back that folding bed you sold me, and I want my money back. One of my boarders smothered to death in it and he owed me a week's board.

Furniture Dealer—Madame, you have no business sense. If you were in the habit of making your boarders pay a month in advance you would have been away ahead.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Boston Lady.

"Shall I clean the snow off, madam?" asked the little boy of a Boston lady. "No," she replied, severely, "you'd far better go to school and learn that it is the pavement and not the snow that is to be cleaned off."—Harper's Bazar.

The water of the Dead Sea yields about two pounds to the gallon of saline substances.

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Wanted to Use It.

"John," said the man who had been abused by the newspaper, "will you be using your football suit to-morrow?" "Why, of course," replied his son. "Well, hurry up and get through with it. I'm going over to demand satisfaction of the editor, and I think maybe it'll be a good idea for me to wear it."—Exchange.

Primus—Dalton's sight has become strangely affected, poor fellow. He sees everything double. Secundus—By Jove! I'm glad you mentioned it. I owe him a pound, and I'll tender him this half sov.—Tit-Bits.

Witherby—I forgot my latch-key last night, and when I came home I couldn't get in, so I had to wait until the family got up. Plankinton—How long was it, old man? About half an hour?—New York World.

A man will trust his wife to take care of his children, but he won't trust her in the care of his prize chickens.

Of course we don't know what it is to pass a night in the tomb, but we have slept in a spare bed-room.

How to Obtain \$300?

to obtain a suitable new oats, has been adopted by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. They offer \$300 for a name for their new oats; their catalogue tells all about it. Farmers are enthusiastic over the oat, claiming 200 bushels can be grown per acre right along. You will want it.

Farmers report six tons of hay from Salzer's Meadow Mixtures; 112 bushels corn per acre in a dry season, and 1,161 bushels potatoes from two acres.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you get free their mammoth catalogue and a package of above \$300 Prize Oats. CNU

There is no wisdom in having a man to watch a bank who believes that stealing chickens is right.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

According to a letter to the Sterling Remedy Co., of Chicago, from N. P. Dunaway, of Wesson, Miss., one box of No-to-bac, which he purchased of his druggist, completely cured him of the tobacco habit.

The estimated population of the world in 1893 was 1,500,000,000.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

Rev. Dr. Parker

Is the beloved pastor of the Universalist Church at Fargo, N. D., and has also been a pastor in Providence, R. I., New York City and Troy, N. Y. He says:

"I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier, and I have good reason for this opinion."



Rev. J. N. Parker, D. D.

I was in a very dilapidated condition. Having heard and read so much about the wonderful cures produced by Hood's Sarsaparilla, I resolved to give it a trial. I followed the directions, and before the fifth bottle was finished

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

ished my appetite was restored, I felt invigorated and strong. My rheumatic difficulty had entirely disappeared. I cannot but think very highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. N. PARKER.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.